

THE  
RHODE-ISLAND  
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

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New to the eye, and shifting every hour.

ARMSTRONG.

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VOL. I.

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TO THE PUBLICK.

AS this number closes the first volume of the Repository, it may not be improper to take a slight view of the past, and offer a few remarks on its intended future conduct. The Repository was established under circumstances not a little adverse to a successful issue. Many local prejudices were to be encountered. The people of this state, it cannot be denied, had for a long while been accustomed to look into foreign publications or those of our sister states, as the only sources from whence they concluded literary information and amusement could be derived, hence, there existed a latent though powerful opposition; because there never had been a literary work established in this state, many people, well meaning perhaps, concluded there never could be—and thought an undertaking of this kind a hazardous experiment. It is not pretended however, that this opposition has been manifested in any overt acts of enmity, patronage was only withheld from an apprehension, that it would be unwisely bestowed, while genius and talent were afraid to contribute, lest their labours should not be suitably rewarded. Under these embarrassments the Repository for some time laboured, and conse-

quently, a prosperous issue was for some time doubtful ; but from the liberal encouragement which has of late been afforded, sanguine expectations are entertained that it will eventually succeed.

There were other circumstances also, which at first powerfully militated against the prosperity of this work. This country was unfortunately engaged in war. Literature therefore did not, could not receive that attention, which it would in times of peace. However favourable war may be to the unfolding of military greatness, the arts and sciences, as well as every pursuit which does honour to human nature, must deplore the havock, the wide spreading ruin with which this "monster" never fails to encumber the land. War may be a necessary evil, and we would not by any means affirm, that the past one was unnecessary with the question, whether it was just or unjust, we have nothing to do—but we must be allowed to express our abhorrence of the depredations it always commits on the morals of mankind—as well as the opposition it throws in the way, to every kind of pursuit which justly raises men in the estimation of religion and sound philosophy—War may sometimes make a good man, great ; but we appeal to the history of mankind, whether it ever made a great man, good. The christian virtues are the last things to be taught in a camp. As well might we rear the offspring of the vegetable kingdom without earth or air, as to cultivate piety in a soil, which is only manured with blood. The splendour of Alexander, of Julius Cæsar, or Charles XII, may dazzle weakness, or stimulate ambition to what the world may call deeds of glory—but by true principle it is viewed as it ought to be, the mere offspring of villany and degenerate minds. But in a political point of view, this war might have been just—we do not condemn it upon that ground ; upon its policy we pronounce no opinion—it is in a moral point of view we deplore it—and on this ground we are confident we shall meet with the sympathy of every good man in the country. We now however, congratulate the citizens of the United States upon its termination. We now hope to hear the song of peace resound along our shores, and to see the double faced *Janus*, hooted from every circle, and his temple closed forever.

In addition to local prejudices, the state of warfare and the consequent evils, there has been other embarrassments under which the Repository has laboured—The want of experience in the editorial department; the difficulty of selecting proper subjects for investigation, and at first the paucity of literary contributions, together with others not necessary to be mentioned, caused not a little perplexity and trouble. But it is with peculiar satisfaction that we can now announce that some of the foregoing embarrassments have been removed—of late, many valuable literary communications have been made; and many more promised—we also hope there is not that prejudice existing against the work which attended its natal hour. In fact, we cannot but confidently expect, that the undertaking will eventually be crowned with success. In every kind of business, experience is the best instructor—and we hope the lessons which it has taught us will not altogether be unprofitable. We hope, that in this school we have received such instruction, that hereafter we shall be better enabled to do justice to our arduous task—for arduous, (it must be obvious to every one,) it is, to select and investigate subjects, in such a manner as will afford a variety of amusement, or suit the different tastes and inclinations of our readers. We however, do not calculate to please every one; we do not wish it; we do not wish that the advocate for the modern notions of philosophy should find any thing in our pages to suit his perverted taste or corrupt principles. We do not intend that the Voltaires and Condorcets in religion, shall find any thing on which they can rely as support to their wild and whimsical theories—on the contrary, such readers, if any we have, were it possible should feel a scorpion in every word we wrote. We do not mean to cater for popularity; we despise it—as much as we rely on publick patronage for our support, we despise the idea of obtaining it at the expense of what may be considered sound principles. We confess however, we are not impenetrable to the accents of praise; but there is no praise from without, equal to a consciousness of having done our duty. This consciousness we shall endeavour to maintain.



In the further prosecution of this work, we shall pursue the plan, with some slight variations, originally adopted. We shall occasionally give biographical sketches of great and learned men, who have distinguished themselves by their virtues and services to their country, either in this or our sister states. The biography of such men, can never fail to be both interesting and instructive. Nothing excites the spirit of emulation so much as example; hence we mean to record the pious and glorious deeds of our ancestors, so far as we can gather a knowledge of them, by an unremitting industry, that their posterity may see their good works and do likewise. Such bright examples cannot fail to have some effect, where there has not been a total degeneracy—where there is the least spark of moral virtue. A portion of our pages will also be devoted to the critical examination of new publications. As reviewers we mean to divest ourselves of partiality and prejudice—of favour and affection. Every work which comes before us, shall meet with justice, so far as we are able to do it—but it is inconsistent with the character of a just reviewer, to be merciful. The maxim that justice should be administered in mercy, is not applicable to the court of critical jurisprudence. In courts of law as well as in courts of conscience it is proper; and the judge who refuses to let it have its proper weight in his mind, neglects to follow a fundamental law of the gospel—which commands us to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to render unto him that justice we would wish done to us—he ought also to consider, that “in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation,” that it is mercy altogether which carries us to heaven. But it is necessary that a different set of maxims should govern us in our critical researches. The author who makes his works publick property, is his own judge in the first instance—and if he is not merciful to himself, from what source has he a right to expect mercy? He is his own judge of what is fit and proper to be made publick—his crime therefore, is committed in his own light, and with a full view of the consequences, or at least he can satisfy himself of what will be the probable effect.



As reviewers, therefore, we shall exercise our judgment without favour or affection. Where we discover worth, we shall be happy to praise it—where we discover blemishes, we shall not fail to expose them.

In the science of political economy we shall also make some attempts. In a government like ours, a diffusion of political knowledge seems peculiarly necessary. Here men are estimated by their talents and virtues; they are not brought into view by the number of their titles, or by any hereditary privileges—here hypocrisy or cringing sycophancy does not follow in the train of royalty—here, thank God, every man is his own master, the only experimental knowledge of monarchy he has, flows from the dominion he exercises over his own bosom—here, although we have no *Kings jester*, or Poet Laureate to praise us at the expense of justice, to raise our own notions of self-sufficiency, by the degradation of a rival offspring—we have men, whose virtues and talents would grace a golden age. In a government therefore, like that of the United States, sound political principles ought to be early and deeply inculcated. And we shall occasionally, endeavour to develop those grand and political axioms which are the pillows of our republican institutions. In doing this, perhaps it is unnecessary to add, we shall not suffer the spirit of party to have any influence; but we shall pursue one course, regardless of any of those artificial distinctions between one party and the other, animosities and partialities which are the bane of all candid investigation.

The cause of general literature we shall endeavour to subserve. Mathematicks, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, &c. will occupy our attention. It cannot be expected however, that in such a circumscribed work as the Repository, we should be able to give all these subjects, such an investigation as their importance might require. But above all, we mean nothing shall appear in our pages which is not calculated to promote the cause of morality and religion. These pillows of human happiness shall always receive all the support we are able to give; and should we, under divine Providence, be instrumental in

their promotion, we shall have the satisfaction to reflect that our labours have not been in vain.

In the investigation of the foregoing subjects, men of genius and of leisure are again invited to join us.— They must agree, with us, that the literary reputation of this country ought to be considered an object of the highest importance, and that some means ought to be taken, to repel the aspersions which have been thrown upon its character; not that the *malted* effusions of ribaldry, of that tremendous author of the "*Carmen Triumphale*," of which of late there has been such a profuse discharge, ought to excite even a smile of contempt:—such low bred abuse may be calculated for a tap room, a fit place to crown a Laureate poet, for there perhaps he can find his fellow butt; it may pamper ministerial pride, serve to enliven a belligerent ballad against the Yankees—but in the United States, we are confident, there is not a single sophomore or school boy who would or could degrade himself so much as to allow it to wound, even the surface of his feelings. Neither ought we to regard the elegant abuse, of that still more elegant "Stranger in America," who, if we are not misinformed, made the tour of the United States—not like a Birmingham agent, who comes over here to get the proceeds of gimblets and handsaws—not like a cockney, who allows himself time enough, at least, to find fault *on the spot* with every thing he meets with—but something in the style of a man, who has a great antipathy to the officers of justice—who prefers any civility, to that GREETING in *the name of the commonwealth*—whose back would even smart at the very sight of a whipping post—whether this elegant "stranger" was ever rewarded for depredations on goods and chattels, which he might have committed while in this country, we do not say—but for the literary thefts in his book, he ought to be indicted and punished by having his literary ears cropped.—It is not the abuse of such men as *Janson* or the celebrated *Ashe*, that can injure us, though the very pith and marrow of all their works be concentrated, set to musick, and sung in strains as sweet as the dulcet notes of a lovely *Joan of Arc*; when she sung a whole British army out of France. The insult that ought to be repelled comes from a higher source

They who direct the affairs of state, know very well, *the reasons* why America is so much abused. They very well know, that this land of liberty, this land of equal rights and privileges, this land, the nursery of genius—where there is no tyrant to fetter its exertions, where the people are not continually disturbed by domestick broils between a Prince and an injured wife, where female worth and beauty is not made the sport of ministerial factions—or offspring in danger of being bastardized for *reasons of state*—they very well know that this land, holds out too many inducements to emigration—that its growing prosperity is already too alarming to British pride and power. Not satisfied therefore with heaping calumny on our political, they must abuse our literary character also. But thank God they must teach the lightning to play harmless over their heads, before they can produce a *Franklin*—they must purify the whole British empire, before they can produce a Washington; and they have no reason to boast, at least, of a *Pitt*, *Burke* or *Fox*—while the page of American history glitters with the splendour of an *Ellsworth*, an *Ames*, or a *Hamilton*.

It cannot be denied, however, that literature is not sufficiently attended to in this country; but for this there may be some apology, when we reflect that genius is not sufficiently encouraged.—Men of wealth do not enough consider to whom they are indebted for their prosperity and power. Where, for instance, would have been commerce, that social link which unites the family of mankind in the bond of union, but for the discovery of the magnetick needle? To philosophy, navigation is indebted for all her great improvements—let gratitude, then, prescribe the reward due to such a distinguished patron. To a spirit of Genius and of philosophy, operating differently on different minds, are civilized societies indebted, not only for those arts and sciences by which they are rendered comfortable, and by which they have been enabled to emerge from a state of barbarity, but for all those luxuries and refinements which render their situation so peculiarly enviable.—To genius and philosophy then, let the praise under God be given, and let them be rewarded according to their deserts. The local situation, as



well as the political institutions of the United States, are happily calculated for the unfolding of talent. Her distance secures her from the danger of European vices, while the form of her government produces a competition of mind, which cultivates and strengthens it. As the mountain oak gathers strength from the blast—so does the mind of man from a generous competition for those honours, which are the great *desiderata* in this country. Here, a competition for power is a tilt and tournament of mental skill—nature must be bountiful, education favourable, before pride can be gratified, or emulation hope to be successful—and this originates from the nature of our political institutions.—With such a government let us be satisfied, and rest assured that the time will come, when the greatest compliment that can be paid to any man, will be to call him a citizen of the United States.

Once more we must be permitted to congratulate our fellow citizens on the return of peace. On this joyful occasion our feelings are not to be repressed. Industry will now resume her “busy hum;” Commerce once more will touch the magick spring of enterprise, spread her canvass, and visit every ocean and every clime. Commerce, by its adventurous course, besides eliciting those nobler feelings of chivalry which characterized the fourteenth century, encourages every pursuit in the humbler walks of life. She is the parent of industry, a friend to the arts and sciences, as well as of genius and of every noble sentiment which honours mankind:—she now comes in the train of PEACE—thrice welcome for such a companion. We congratulate the citizens of the United States. We congratulate our late enemies. We most humbly thank God—for the outpouring of his mercy.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE  
LATE WAR.

THE present state of politicks in this country, is matter of great solicitude to those who, from their birth, education and connections, feel an interest in its future welfare. To the mere citizen of all countries, who has adopted this as a temporary residence, an asylum from the arm of Justice, or a mart for the sale of his wares, it is not perhaps interesting, or sufficiently so to employ any considerable portion of his solicitude. The native-born citizen, and he who by adoption, has made it the country of his children, can alone feel that love of country, which will prompt them to look with anxious prospective, at the events of futurity. They, and they only, are interested in the probable consequences of the late war. On these, it is our design to offer a few observations.

To those who have properly thought on the subject, it must be evident, that the late war will produce the following consequences, either proximate or remote:

1. A series of wars, between this country and Great Britain.
2. The annihilation of British power on the Continent of North America.

Before we proceed to the examination of these propositions, however, it may be proper to consider, *in limine*, whether the present United States will probably continue united under one general government; and if so, whether that government will, by force or compact, assume both the form and the military spirit of the most considerable continental governments of Europe. We would not, by this, be understood as considering the affirmative of these questions necessary to our purpose, but as collateral, though important modifications of our main questions. Though the affirmatives of both might, without risking the imputation of presumption, be advanced as postulata, we will consider them with that brevity which the proposed limits of this paper require.

In favour of the probable continuation of the Union, much

may be urged, from those natural *bonds* of union, the intimate and inseparable connections produced by common origin, common interests, and the geographical features of the country. The new states having been mostly peopled by emigrants from the middle and eastern Atlantick States, will naturally retain a partiality for the country from which they were settled. This partiality will influence both the governments and individuals to preserve, if possible, that union with their brethren in the old states, which is now the foundation of all their political consequence—from which they receive the invigorating protection of the general government, and to which, alone, they can look for protection in case of a Spanish war. Interests, too, which are common to these and the middle states, will operate most powerfully to preserve *their* union. United, they can afford a mutual protection against the increasing strength of the British in Upper Canada: divided, they may, as temporary interests govern, be used in the hands of the British as instruments of mutual annoyance; thereby consolidating British strength, while they weaken each other. The commercial interests of these two sections of the country, will also contribute, in no small degree, to their continued union.

If a community of interests, between the Middle and Western States, is the foundation of a mutual desire in these states, to continue united under the same government, it may, we think, be shown, from the geography of the country, that it is in the power of one of these sections to preserve such an union; even should the prevalence of erroneous ideas of policy in the other, prompt the people of that section to a separation. The states of Pennsylvania and New-York, by their situation, possess the commanding points of the water communications in the Western and Southern States. From the head waters of the Ohio, armies, with all their necessary appendages, may in a few days be transported, even to New-Orleans. With such a facility of transportation in their favour, it would be vain for the scattered settlers of its banks, to oppose the descent of armaments easily reinforced and provisioned from above; fortifications, armies and obstructions, would be swept away like mounds constructed to impede the



current of the river itself, by a force, accumulating till it should become irresistible. The access, too, which these states have to the sea, and the abundant sources of naval strength within their control, enable them, at any time, when the occasion shall call for such an exertion of power, to apply their physical strength to parts of the southern and western sections of the Union, equally pervious to hostile visits, and less able to oppose efficient resistance—the coasts of their numerous bays and the mouths of their rivers.

If it should be urged, in opposition to what we here advance, that public opinion in the central section of the Union, would be decisively opposed to such an exertion of force, in the case which has been supposed; we answer, that the real, substantial interests of the publick, will inevitably triumph over local and temporary prejudices, which generally vanish with the circumstances that give them birth. The arts of designing politicians have but a short lived success, when opposed to the great interests of the community. Had not the publick interest, in England, required that the people should be frightened with the bugbear stories of the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, their own feelings and experience would have taught them to despise those fabrications. Those, therefore, who from the present reign of democracy in New-York and Pennsylvania, would augur a tame acquiescence to the separation of the southern and western States, might also, with the same claim upon our credulity tell us, that because the ground is now covered by snow, it will not, six months hence, be clothed in grass.

In the discussion of our second auxiliary proposition, we are sensible that we shall incur the displeasure of many, who are, by education and habit, taught to think with horror of the possibility of such a state of things. Why is it that they are offended at the discussion of this question? Simply because the republican pride in which they were educated, is humbled at the idea of submission to a king. They are like the alchymist who seeks the precious metal in his thousandth experiment, with the same promptness and avidity which prompted him to begin his first. Though we admire and venerate this sensitive feeling, as

an honour to human nature, we cannot suppress the suggestions of experience and common sense. Why should we shut our eyes upon the evil, if evil it is? Let us rather examine it as it approaches us, and throw aside that childish fear which taught us to hide our heads under the bed clothes, at the sight of fancied monsters.

The continuance of the present union being rendered probable, it is more than probable, that such an extent of territory will require an extensive military and naval establishment, for the common defence. The habits of discipline inseparable from the military life, the gradations of command and obedience, from the commander in chief down to the corporal, the veneration which is paid to valour, the nice sense of honour inculcated by the rules of the profession; these, and many other peculiarities, tend inevitably to prepossess the soldiery with notions favourable to the government of a single person. They will follow their general from the Rubicon to the Capitol; from the capitol to Pharsalia, and from thence to Alexandria. He is the idol of their worship, their camp is their country.

History is fraught with examples of the truth of our observation. Greece was originally inhabited by tribes, under the government each of its own petty despot. Civilization banished this kind of tyranny. When the war with Persia rendered an union of the then republics necessary for the common defence, that union became a *military* confederation, which at last submitted to the greatest captain and the wisest politician. Had Philip been deficient in the talents necessary to make a good general, Greece might have retained her freedom some ten or twelve years longer than she did. The great mass of the people, too, are always partial to military virtues. The successful commander, obtains more favour with them by a single victory, than the wisest and best legislator by a whole life, devoted to the publick good. The blaze of military glory hides from our eyes the defects of the man, as the brightness of the sun unfits us to behold the maculæ on his disk.

The state of society in this country, already evinces a predisposition to monarchy. The rapid accumulation of wealth in the

hands of a few, occasions a distinction in families. That distinction, when settled and confirmed by the lapse of one or two generations, will form the broad and immoveable basis of a monarchy.

We have thus seen, that the continuance of the union, its necessary military establishment, the habits and partialities of the people, and the accumulation of wealth and honour, tend to the introduction of monarchy. *The interests of the people will also require it.* Miserable indeed would they be, were they subjected to the government of a thousand masters, with no controlling, superiour power to protect them! If such a power be created, it must be given into the hands of a single person. Whether this power be absolute, or checked and balanced by powers vested in other hands, will depend on the manner of its introduction. If introduced by force, it must of necessity be unlimited:—if by compact, from a conviction among the people that it is necessary, it may be confined within the bounds prescribed by a regard to publick freedom.

We now come to the first of our main positions, on the consequences of the war. And when the state of publick opinion, as it exists and is likely to exist; when the interests of this country and Great Britain, are respectively considered, as well as the collisions and jealousies necessarily arising from contiguity of possessions, and boundaries inaccurately defined; when we also consider the increasing jealousy of our naval power, manifested by our late enemy, we have abundant reason to adhere to our opinion. We are constrained by an irresistible impulse, to contemplate *in futuro* the actions of those who are to come after us; who,

—————“Nostrum

Nomen in astra ferant; quorumq; à stirpe nepotes

Omnia sub pedibus, quà sol utrumque recurrens

Aspicit Oceanum, vertique, regique videbunt.”

That the state of publick opinion is, in a high degree, unfavourable to Great Britain, every one will allow—and that this unfavourable impression will receive accessary strength from occurrences recent, and furnishing abundant matter for invective, is



also probable. The enormities committed by her mercenary troops during the revolutionary war, furnished the leaven which produced, under the management of men who now direct our destinies, the late disastrous war. This war, has already furnished sufficient matter, in the hands of men of the same talent at intrigue, to produce another, at no distant period. That this war has been one of aggression on the part of our rulers, and that the enormities committed by our late enemy were retaliatory, and intended to punish us for those committed by our own troops, are not, nor ought they to be excuses. In the first instance, the people of some defenceless town were punished for the offence of an administration, whose feelings and property could not be affected by *their* sufferings; in the last, for the excesses of a soldiery, who regard the peaceable citizens of their own and the enemy's country, as *uterque* objects of plunder. If any thing could form a reasonable excuse, the immediate sufferers in the affair cannot be expected to admit such an excuse, with the smoking ruins of their houses before their eyes.

In the respective interests of the two countries, we may also observe the seeds of future hostility. This country, from the extent of its territory and the goodness of its soil, will, allowing its population to double, on the average, once in thirty years, raise every year, for a century and a half to come, a vast surplus of bread stuff and cotton, valuable in foreign markets. Foreign commerce will, therefore employ the industry and enterprise of the inhabitants of her extensive sea coasts. This commerce, as the experience of twenty years has taught us, will not be confined to the outward and homeward bound trade; our ships will become carriers, between the colonies of nations at war, and their mother countries. As Great Britain is, and must be, a party in every considerable European war, a trade of this description will interfere with her views, and produce a repetition of blockades, on the plan of the one of May 1806. Whether the trade in contemplation, be, or be not, strictly conformable to the now received principles of publick law, will not form a question, with any administration in this country—the *commercial interests* of the country, will alone be pursued, by an administration

and people, already convinced of their power to maintain it on the ocean. Commercial monopoly, and the probable rivalry in foreign markets between our manufactures and those of Great Britain, will also be fruitful in jealousies between the two countries.

The boundary lines between adjoining countries, especially, when illy defined or susceptible of uncertainty, furnish causes of jealousy and war between them. In cases like these, if the governments of the two countries be ever so much inclined to an amicable adjustment of the matter in dispute, they are subject to the misrepresentations of generals and governours, who are interested by views of power or profit. The faith which all rulers are obliged to give to the statements of their vicegerents, may, and often does, involve them in wars, destructive of the best interests of the state. The boundary line between the United States and Canada, may well be considered, the source of future disputes. From the Lake of the Woods to the head of the Mississippi, it has never yet been surveyed. Indeed, it is now matter of dispute, whether any such lake exists; the British writers, even assert, that no part of the great river is situated so far north as  $45^{\circ}$ , the point at which, according to the treaty of Paris, the boundary line should touch it. Even should the boundary be settled by treaty, we are taught, by experience, to expect, that the Canadian Governments will revive old disputes, as favourable opportunities may occur. The boundary between Maine and Nova-Scotia, though settled by commissioners from both nations, have served as a pretext for the occupation of a part of the former country, since the commencement of the war.

We should, also, in this place, consider the disputes likely to take place, between the settlers on each side of the line, and the frauds and mal-practises of speculators in new lands. Ever since the first settlement of the country, it has been the practice of the people, living on the frontiers, to provoke hostilities with the Indians, knowing as they do, that the arts of civilization will triumph over the ferocious courage of the savage. At the end of every war, new acquisitions of land, remain at the disposal of government. The purchase of these at low prices, and their

subsequent division and settlement, in small farms, raise the fortunes of those who purchase *in capite* of the government. This is the case, at present, in most of the western states and territories, and was without doubt, the true cause of the Creek war. The same cupidity, will undoubtedly induce the leading men on the Canada frontier to provoke hostilities. These and many reasons which we forbear to enumerate, justify us in the conclusion, that the late, will be but the beginning of a series of wars, the result of which, will be

The annihilation of British power on the continent of North-America. And this, we think, will inevitably result, from the state of things, supposed in our preceding remarks; the continuance of the Union—the change of our government into the monarchical form, and the continued hostility between this country and Great Britain. The present scarcity of men, money and commanders, is only a temporary defect, which protracted warfare, urgent necessity, and energy in the government may remedy. France experienced it in the beginning of the revolutionary wars. Her necessities raised the most daring spirits into power: placed the whole property of the nation at their requisition; created armies, and called her generals from the ranks. Thrones were prostrated; the regal talisman lost its virtue, and regular government sunk into the vast abyss of chaos. Atheism, his High Priest, quenched the holy flame of religion in the blood of her votaries, while he proclaimed with Syren voice the reign of universal benevolence. Ruin issued from his den and strode a giant in his gait, through fields of human blood and desolated cities. Dismay preceded him and horror followed. But Repentance, Pity and Hope, the advocates of man, pleaded his cause at the bar of Omnipotence!

The rapidly increasing population of our country, will, at no distant period, render the dominion of the British on the continent very insecure. When the vast area of the District of Maine, the northern frontier of New-York, and the great peninsula between lakes Erie and Michigan, shall have become settled, and the period is not distant, the conquest of Canada and Nova-Scotia will become an easy matter. The regular force



which a wise government should maintain in garrisons, near the lines, will, with the assistance of militia, be amply sufficient to overrun the whole country, on the first breaking out of hostilities.

If it be objected, that future wars between the two countries, will not follow from the present war, because, by our own reasoning, we have shown pre-existing causes of wars; we answer, that had not the late war been declared, those causes, might not have been called into action, for centuries to come. The body of the earth abounds with strata of inflammable matter, which have for ages remained inert and harmless; where, if a single spark of fire were applied to them, would burst into volcanoes, and wrap the now habitable surface, in desolating flame. This applies, with force, to the subject of investigation. The spark of occasion has lighted into flame those passions, which are inimical to the peace and happiness of mankind. The flame, thus produced, must generate new causes of hostility, as *Ætna* renews its fires, by decomposing the sea waters which flow into its caverns.

But we will not anticipate objections, the repetition of which might draw us into a length of reasoning, exceeding our proposed limits. If our positions are tenable, this brief statement of them, will recall to the minds of our readers, the numerous historical examples, on which they are founded. When the proximate and remote causes of the events, recorded in history, are properly understood, it is not difficult for us to calculate on the future, by past occurrences.



FOR THE REPOSITORY.

## THE BABBLER, NO. V.

I HAVE always had a remarkable inclination to encourage genius and promote what I considered leading traits of character of those who have ever put themselves under my tuition. Once I recollect of presenting one of my pupils with a *pitch pipe* to en-

courage his taste for musick, which he manifested by an incessant blowing of an old news horn. Once I presented a young lady, and in a most gallant manner too, a *Spinning Jenny*, because she had read in a book how one *Penelope* spun, in the absence of her husband—of course she wished to learn how to acquire such an accomplishment—and the other night at the illumination, while I was amidst beaus, belles, balls and bumpers, I absolutely saw a young lady reading *Hervey's* meditations among the tombs; to gratify such a laudable taste for reading, I sent her the next day my whole library.

It is this inclination which induces me to give publicity to the following letter. The young man appears to be a man of parts, and to have a desire of being known as a *writer*, such an innocent ambition, I feel disposed to gratify—and moreover I am confident that when he is known he will be admired—I therefore inform Mr. Tankard that any communication from his pen will always meet with my publick approbation. I desire to inform him *privately* however, that he must always endeavour to be as correct as possible, otherwise those criticks he speaks of will snarl at him—but this I only say in a whisper—undoubtedly he will improve—he is certainly a wit, and has a good deal of independence of character. Mr. Tankard will excuse my neglect in not giving his letter to the publick before—as the affairs of state have of late exclusively occupied my attention—but no more.

MR. BABBLER,

I HAVE for a long time had a desire to appear before the publick incog. and have my talents criticised by the envious if not *envied* by the *critick*; but possessing that diffidence which we are told is the inseparable companion of *true merit*, have hitherto suffered it to obscure the qualities it was meant to *adorn*; for though the scripture tells us that “humility is the *beginning* of wisdom,” I take a manly confidence, to be necessary to the *perfection* of it; for he whose talents are always wrapped up in the *napkin of reserve*, like a miser's gold, is useless to the world and himself, until like “beauty” they come forth and “*suffer themselves* to be ad-

mired." Now as we are told that violent exertion, either of body or mind is considered hurtful after profound repose, I have been advised to babble through a couple of pages of the "Repository" as a *gentle exercise* for my pen, and though I do not mean to disclose to my readers my family name, until my reputation as a *writer* is pretty well established, I can tell them that my parents' blood can never disgrace me, for it flowed through *noble hearts*; but while I withhold from them *who* I am, they shall be amused with a short account of *what* I am. According to the town records, I was born five and twenty years since, just as the sun was entering the sign of the *Lamb*, to which I attribute the *meekness* of my character, and although I was not born, as the vulgar saying is, with "a silver spoon in my mouth," I have been told that I had one in it soon after my birth, and if any credit can be given to the doubtful authority of a nurse, I was so small at my birth, that I was presented to my father in the family tankard, with the lid closed, from which circumstance I was called "Petit Tankard," the name which I now bear; but there is another circumstance which goes to prove the authenticity of this account, which is the *flatness* of my head on the top—for this vile nurse, not satisfied with my diminitiveness, was determined to make a *little monster* of me, and like the bed of Procrustes, to bring me to *her own standard*, pressed down the lid of the tankard so hard on my head, that it looks to this day exactly as though there had been a large slice taken off the top of it. Of my parents I never could collect any *satisfactory* account; for though I have been told that they *lived and died* poor, I derived no *satisfaction* from *that*. At their death, I was placed under the care of a maiden aunt, who besides being *unmarried* was a *singular* character in other respects, and like most other old maids, she hated children, and loved *authority*; but why should I rake up the ashes of the dead! "for she's at rest, and so am I." With her I served, as Mr. Randolph says, a faithful "apprenticeship" of "seven years of misery." For the harshness of her character operating upon the tenderness of mine, left me a victim to feelings which I could not conquer, and could hardly endure; and I am sure, if my aunt had not died, about this time, I should; but heaven decreed it otherwise,



and I was now thrown upon the world a young, credulous philanthropist, and for several years did nothing but weep at the folly and degeneracy of mankind, but finding at length that my tears could not reform them, and that more people had vanity to be tickled, than sympathies to be awakened, I purchased me a pocket handkerchief, wiped my eyes, and bid adieu to Heraclitus forever. My looking-glass now suggested the necessity of a pair of spectacles, for the double purpose of hiding the traces of past sensibility, and of giving to my present appearance the finished air of a *gallant*. Thus equipped, I turned flatterer, a turn that has spoke more forcibly in my favour than all the cardinal virtues together. I recollect the first time that I wore my glasses was at a party at Miss B—'s, where I met a lady who was whatever taste, wit and good sense can make a woman, without *beauty*; but who nevertheless I had long admired, though I could find no favour in her sight. I had never descended to *flattery*, and like the heel of Achilles, I found that *there she was vulnerable*. I now approached her as I had often seen others, with an air of apparent unconcern, and carelessly made her the compliments of the evening; but never shall I forget the animated smile of approbation that lighted up her countenance, when, viewing my transformation, she said as much in earnest as jest, "I do protest, if the *creature* was but half as gallant in manners as he is this evening in appearance, one's heart would be in some danger of enlisting in his favour, after all;" and then, without waiting my reply, she asked why I wore glasses? as she was sure it could not proceed from either of the vulgar causes, *want of eye-sight or understanding*. Madam, said I, the poet has said that "beauty still has a blemish," and I put them on with the malicious view of discovering some defect in *your's*, which could not be seen with the naked eye; but they only magnify your perfections; for if without them you are "beautiful," with them you are "beauty's self;" and though I am sensible that I said this with all the awkwardness of a *first attempt*, I could see that she was better pleased than if I had told her she had as "many virtues as there are stars in Heaven," for I have ever since been singled out as her favourite beau, and have nothing to fear from the force of her artillery,

which I every day see playing around *me* ; if one of her company is grave, she will ask, " what news from the cave of Trophobius," and she asked a gentleman the other evening who was a little abstracted in manner, " if his wits" were on *furlough* or at home in their " tweezer case?" not collecting himself immediately, and being piqued at her calling the attention of the company upon him, he replied, " and pray madam, in what *case* are *your* own?" " the *possessive*" was her lightning reply ; and though her words were literally true that her wit is always at her own disposal, I believe she would part with it all for the reputation of a *beauty*. I do not mention these things because I believe that every woman is capable of *personal* flattery, for I do not think so ; but to instruct desponding lovers to persuade their dulcineas that they do not *see their faults*, and to flatter the beauty that she is a wit, and the wit that she is a beauty, Now Mr. Babblers if these hints that I have given prove of the smallest service to any of my brother bachelors, I shall feel it a rich reward for the hour that I have spent, and the paper that I have used, in their behalf.

" TANKARD."

N. B. If Mr. Babblers you would like my likeness for a *frontispiece*, you may have it by paying the engraver. For though I am not a *Belvidere*, in my appearance, yet I am what most people call a handsome man, my person is not *deformed*, nor my countenance *defaced*, I am rather *above* than below the common size ; and what I lack in flesh is abundantly supplied in *bone*. I have a long face, a light complexion, small grey eyes, short eye-lashes, thin lips, a *full complement* of teeth, and a scant allowance of sandy hair ; indeed, in my own opinion, my whole appearance is neither very ordinary or *extraordinary*, excepting my *nose*, which certainly was moulded for a *Brabdnag*, and is a monument for contempt.

## LETTER FROM ROGER WILLIAMS.

*The following is a Copy of a Letter from ROGER WILLIAMS, one of the original proprietors, and commonly styled the Father of the Town of Providence.*

For JOHN WHIPLE, Jun,—these

NEIGHBOUR WHIPLE

I KINDLY thank you that you so far have regarded my lines as to return me your thoughts (whether Sweete or Sowre I desire not to mind) I humbly hope that as you shall never find me Self conceited nor Self seeking! So (as to others) not Pragmatical and a Busie bodie as you insinuate My Studie is to be swift to heare and slow to Speake, and I could tell you of 5 or 6 grounds (it may be more) why I give this my testimonie against this unrighteous and monstrous Proceeding of Christian Brethren helping to hale one another before the world: whose song was Lately and Loudly Sung in my Ears Viz: The World would be quiet enough were it not for these holy Brethren their Divisions and Contentions. The Last night Sid: Manton told me that I had Spoken bad Words of Gregory Dexter (though Sidrach deals more ingeniously than yourself Saying the Same thing, for he tells me wherein) Viz: that I said he makes a Foole of his Conscience: I told him I said so and I think to our Neighbour Dexter himself: For I believe he might as well be Moderator or General Deputy or General Assistant as goe so far as he goes in many Particulars: But what if I or my Conscience be a fool Yet it is Commendable and admirable in him that being a Man of Education and of a Noble Calling, and vers'd in Militaries that his Conscience forced him to be such a Child in his own Howse when W. Hax, straind for the Rate (which I approve of) with such Imperious insulting over his Conscience which all Conscientious Men will abhor to heer of. However I commend that Man whether Jew or Turk or Papist or whoever that Steeres no otherwise than his Conscience dares till his Conscience tells him that God gives him a Greater Lati-



tude. For neighbour you shall find it rare to meete with Men of Conscience, men that for fear and Love of God dare not lye nor be drunck nor be contentious nor Sleale nor be covetous nor Voluptuous nor Ambitious nor Laziebodies nor busiebodies nor dares displease God by omitting either Service or Suffering, though of reproach, imprisenment Banishment and Death because of the fear and Love of God.

If W. Wickenden rec'd a beaste of W. Field for Ground of the same Hould I knew it not and so spake the truth as I understood it, 2. Though I have not spoke with him Yet I heare it was not of that Hould or Tenure for we have had four sorts of Bounds at least.

First, The grant of as large Accommodations as any English in N. E. had, this the Sachims always promised me, and they had cause, for I was as a Right hand unto them to my great cost and travell: Hence I was sure of the TOCEHEUNGUANIT Medows and what could with any shew of reason have been desired: But some (that never did this Town nor Colony good and tis feared never will) cried out when Roger Williams had laid himselfe downe as a Stone in the Dust for after commers to Step one in Town and Colony, who is Roger Williams: We know the Indians and the Sachims as well as he, we will trust Roger Williams no longer, we will have our Bounds Confirmd us under the Sachems hands before us.

2nd. Hence arose to my Soule Cutting and Griefe the second sort of Bounds Viz the Bounds Set under the hands of those great Sachims Caunounicus and Miantunnoma and were set so Short (as to Maushapog and Pawtuckcut and at that time) because they would not intrench upon the Indians inhabiting round about us for the prevention of strife between us.

The third sort of Bounds were of Favour and Grace invented (as I think) and prosecuted by that Noble Spirit (now with God) Chad Brown, presuming upon the Sachims Grant to me they exceeded the Letter of the Sachims Deed so far as reasonably they Judged and this with Promis of satisfaction to any Native who should reasonably desire it. In this third sort of Bounds lay this piece of Meadow hard by Capt. Fenners Ground,

which with two Hogs Wm Wickenden gave to W. Field for a small Beast &c.

Beside these three sorts of Bounds there arose a fourth (like the 4th Beast in Daniel) exceeding dreadfull and terrible unto which the Spirit of God gave no name nor Bounds, nor can we in the first rise of ours, only Boundless Bounds, or a Monstrous Beast above all other Beasts or monsters. Now as from this fourth wild Beast in Daniel in the Greater World, have arisen all the Storms and Tempeste Factions and Devisions in our little world amongst us, and what the tearing consequences yet will be is only knowne to the most holy and only wise.

You Conclude with your Innocencie and Patience under my Clamorous Tounge, but I pray you not to forget that these are two Basins: David had one Pilate another, David washt his hands in innocencie and so did Pilate and so do all parties all the world over: As to Innocencie my former paper Sayth something: as to Patience how can you say you are patient under my Clamorous Tounge when that very speech is most impatient and unchristian. My Clamour and crying shall be to God and Men (I hope without revenge or wrath) but for a little ease, and that yourselves and they that scorne and hate me most may (if the Eternal please) find cooling in that hot eternal day thats neere approaching. This shall be the Continual Clamour or Cry,  
of your unworthy friend and Neighbour,

R W.

Providence 8th July 1669

so call,d.

Roger Williams stands as a prominent character in the early history of New-England. Having been ordained by a Bishop, he was settled as a Presbyter in the established church in England. Retaining the *doctrines*, he became dissatisfied with the *forms* of worship, and with the power exercised by the bishops. And about ten years after the migration and settlement of the church at Plymouth, he arrived there and became colleague Pastor with Elder Brewster.—Here he had no forms to object to, but began to question the doctrines of his new brethren. This

quiet people, who had fled from contention in their native country, first to Leyden and then to Plymouth, being still disposed to peace, judged it best to part with their minister, rather than with their sentiments, and gave him at his own request a dismissal, recommending him, at the same time, as a man of excellent morals, and in many respects as an able dispenser of the word of God. It appears from an account of the first settlement of this state, written by the late Governour Hopkins, that Mr. Williams came to this part of the country on his leaving Plymouth, which was in 1634, but it does not appear certain that he then had determined to make a permanent settlement in this place, as in that year he accepted the invitation of the church in Salem, and became their minister. *Being given to disputation*, he soon raised a spirit of contention among his people, which not only divided the members of that community, but spread through the neighbouring settlements, and ended in his being ordered to depart the colony. Accordingly, in 1636, he crossed Seekonk river, and commenced the settlement of the town of Providence. A considerable number of those who espoused his cause, or had imbibed his sentiments in Massachusetts followed him, and having, through his own personal influence, obtained a grant of large accommodations, as he mentions in the foregoing letter, from Miantinomo and Cannonicus, he divided the town lots among his associates, reserving but a single share to himself.

Here this company of emigrants found themselves in that state, which writers on the origin of government have so often fancied, and which theorists have described with so much warmth and colouring of the imagination. They found themselves to be an assemblage of individuals, each possessing and exercising all the attributes of sovereignty in and over his own person, and independent of his cotemporaries. A voluntary compact and agreement of every individual, was necessary to form even the basis of the social state, and to commence the first stage of a society from which mutual protection was to be derived. Beyond the reach of any colonial jurisdiction, and three thousand miles from their native country, they did not suppose the power of their former sovereign, of right, extended to this territory, and they felt



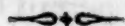
no disposition, to acknowledge allegiance due to the sovereignty of the country as existing in the Sachems. They found themselves composed of the most discordant materials. Many of them had quarrelled with every jurisdiction, and with the forms and opinions of every government to which they had been subject. Still they wished for peace and security; and necessity led the way to a social compact, the basis of which was allegiance to the king of Great Britain. The voice of every proprietor was positive or implied in enacting the laws, and the freedom of conscience, which included the total incapacity of the civil power to interfere in matters of Religion. The several charters afterwards obtained from the crown, recognized these principles, and except that of allegiance, they are still the fundamental articles of our constitutional charter.

With respect to Religion, their pathway was not so plain. It seems that on several important points, the opinion of Mr. Williams had again undergone a considerable change, and he had to modify those of his associates, that something like a religious society and uniformity in worship, might be established. Being at the head of the civil department, as well as Elder in the religious fraternity, the duties of the Magistrate and the judgment of the Ecclesiastick, were frequently in collision, as in the instance of advising the collector to distrain the tax, which the conscience of Gregory Dexter would not permit him to pay. The broad ground which had been assumed, that Government should not interfere with the rights of conscience, left every man and every woman to decide on the validity of a law, and to object to its execution under colour of conscientious scruples.—Many of the plantation believed the Sabbath to be of divine appointment. Others thought all days alike. The former could not assent to a law to enforce the due observance of the day, because the civil power had nothing to do with religion; and the latter, to shew that they also were conscientious, would perform a greater portion of the labour of the week on that day. Thus the religious observance of the Sabbath was interrupted, and declined, and as might be expected, dissolute manners succeeded, till the age of quibbles and questions passed away, and laws for the observance of the

Sabbath and for the punishment of blasphemy and profane swearing, were enacted, and in some instances enforced, under the character of municipal regulations.

Mr. Williams was highly respected by the native princes; Miantonomo, who stood among the sachems like Agamemnon among the Grecian kings, paid him great deference and respect, and his good offices were acknowledged by the people of Massachusetts, in preserving peace between them and the Narraganset Sachems. The Indians were numerous and powerful, and had they united and been so disposed, it was in their power to have extirpated the English settlers. To the influence which Mr. Williams had acquired among them, and which was strengthened by his perfect knowledge of their language, may in some degree be attributed, the long continued Peace which was enjoyed by our ancestors of this and the neighbouring colonies.

Several of the associates of Mr. Williams in the establishment of the new colony, were men of eminent abilities, and probably understood the nature of civil and religious liberty better than many of the ministers of state at that time in Europe, where a few years later, these subjects were drawn into discussion, and employed the talents of the ablest men, especially during the reign of Charles the First, and under the Commonwealth.



## THE ADELPHIAD.—No. CXVIII.

*"Grim-visag'd WAR hath smooth'd his wrinkled front."*

THE trumpet of discord has ceased; the banners of conquest are furled; the dreadful din of arms and death-dealing artillery of the soldier, which so recently threatened to inundate the earth with human gore, now harmoniously unite their cheering sounds, in proclaiming the joyful return of Peace. Peace, which has so long been an exile from our land, we now hail as a most welcome guest. The friend of his country and the friend of humanity rejoice at the happy tidings; and while they cast the eye of re-

tropection on the field of sanguinary conflict, and number those who, by the sword of their fellow mortals, have been despatched to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," they unitedly offer up to the throne of Divine Goodness, a fervent prayer that the nations of the earth may sheathe the sword, and learn to war no more. A scene of warfare exhibits a community in a state of distress, and individuals in a state of despondency. The alternate rumours of victories and defeats, which at times, of late, elevated—at times, depressed our spirits—at one time inspired with confidence—at another oppressed with dismal forebodings and apprehensions. The uncertain issue of the contest in which our country was unhappily engaged—the privations and alarms ever attending a state of warfare, now give place to that calm and serene satisfaction, that substantial and permanent happiness, which are the never failing concomitants of tranquillity and peace.

But a short time has elapsed, since we were under obligation, on the signal of alarm, to fly from the delightful circle of parents, wives and children, to repel the invader's progress—liable to be summoned at dead of night, to resist the forces of the foe—compelled to forego the enjoyments of social life, and haunted by the dismal apprehension of exchanging the cheering fireside of domestick tranquillity, for the cold and unsocial comforts of the tented field. The matron feared, lest the husband of her fond affection, or her darling son, should be called to witness scenes of blood—the maid trembled, because her respected parent—her much loved brother, were employed in burnishing their arms, and preparing for combat. The young soldier, though his heart beat high in the expectation of reaping glory in the field of Mars, though ambition, enthusiasm and youthful blood urged him forward, found, when he gave the parting glance to the lovely fair one whom his bosom held dear, that a tear of distrust moistened his cheek, and a sensation of grief clouded his brightest prospects. Dreadful indeed must have been the feelings of the Philanthropist, when he saw one of the fairest portions of the globe converted into the theatre of bloody war—when he witnessed on this side of the Atlantick, an exhibition of those pas-



sions and those scenes, which he thought only disturbed nations and disgraced communities hardened in iniquity and grown old in the practice of vice. A few days since, and such was the situation of our enlightened Republick. But now we delight in viewing

“ Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,

“ Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.”

The white banner of peace floats in the passing breeze, the olive branch greets the sight, and the signals of alarm are converted into the instruments of rejoicing, for an event that speaks delight to millions. Now, instead of beholding, with aching eyes “ the lurid corruscations of ensanguined plains,” and garments rolled in blood, we see the warriors “ beat their swords into plough shares, and their spears into pruning hooks.” Now we see the barque ply the glad billows, and the white wings of commerce expanding over the ocean. Now are our ears saluted with the vociferous and joyful acclamations of the mariner, as he launches into his favourite, yet long neglected element. Here we see the hardy farmer falling his majestick oaks, and the noise and bustle of the ship yard direct our attention to the place where rise the stately ship, which is to traverse every sea, and

“ Waft all the pomp of life into our ports.”

While the severity of winter has been rendered doubly chilling by the dreadful thought, the soul sickening apprehension of making preparations for the spring campaign, we are now, on the return of that season, unexpectedly and with heart felt glee, mingling our rejoicings with devout gratitude to the Ruler of Events, for the restoration of peace to our suffering country.

On the arrival of an event, so much to be derived by every individual, and so important to the vital interests of our country; we cannot deem it improper to turn our attention to the consideration of *Peace*, as a theme for a few cursory remarks—and to contrast it with *war*, and shall therefore devote this paper to those subjects; in which every one, at the present time, appears to take a peculiar interest.

Man, as has been once said, and often repeated, is formed for

society. To prove his *fitness* for a state of social intercourse, it has ever been urged, that he was, for that purpose, endowed with the exercise of two faculties not common to the rest of animal creation, namely *speech* and *reason*. The exercise of these, evinced his superiority over all other creatures, and afforded him the purest source of enjoyment. To prove the *necessity* for man to associate with fellow man, it is observed that his muscular strength, his agility, and many other corporeal qualifications, are far inferior to many other animals. In infancy, he is peculiarly a defenceless creature. Even his reason, at this early period of life, is less useful to him than the principle of instinct, which the God of nature has implanted in the brute. And hence is deduced the necessity of forming civil society; the object of which is not merely to procure the necessaries of life, but to form by numbers united, what individual strength is unable to accomplish, a barrier to resist the encroachments of stronger animals, which were endued by nature with the means of annoyance and destruction.

It is abundantly evident, that society could not have been formed, without harmony, unanimity and peace among its members. And as these are so essential in the first formation of communities, so they are undoubtedly instrumental in perpetuating and completing them, by refining the manners and correcting the morals of the constituents. For as society advanced in refinement, it became unquestionably more necessary, that the different talents and acquirements of individuals should be united and combined, in order to supply the increasing exigencies of man. The genius of man is so limited, that he seldom makes proficiency in the pursuit of more than one profession; but the diversity of genius in mankind is so great, that an individual impressed with his own weakness, flies to the society and covets the friendship of his fellow, to secure to himself the convenience and luxuries of civilized life. Thus united, by a sense of mutual wants, and an exchange of mutual favours, a society is formed, in which man has secured to himself the possession of all that is desirable. Safe in his person, secure in his property, enjoying the advantages of social intercourse, his mind expands itself to the genial

rays of knowledge, his reason becomes illumined by science, and he advances rapidly in the scale of improvement. The faculties of his soul are not exercised alone in *receiving* delight from every rational source, but are also employed in *dispensing* benefit to others, and in diffusing the advantages which he enjoys, far and wide, through every grade of society.

Thus are these distinguished advantages clearly seen to result to a community, undisturbed by commotions, by jarring interests, by discord and by war. But where war—horrid war plants his bloody standard, the scene is reversed. No longer does man feel impressed with that sense of security in his property, his liberty or his life. Confidence between neighbours is destroyed. Mutual distrust pervades all classes. Man has no leisure to employ himself in advancing the useful arts. The merchant, the mechanick, and the husbandman, are torn from their wonted employments, and converted into soldiers. The din of arms succeeds to the studious solitude of the scholar, and the advances which he has made in science are retarded—his genius diverted from its proper current, his habits of life changed, and his principles tainted with the immoral scenes of the camp.

Peace is the nursery of science, and a great promoter of the useful arts. War is their fell destroyer. In peace our universities are crowded with young men, thirsting with a noble emulation to excel in the walks of literature. Following the advice of Horace, they by day and by night are employed in turning over the ponderous volumes of ancient learning, in searching the records of faithful history, and in tracing man from the first dawn of science to the present enlightened age of the world. But war draws them from this pleasing and useful employment—they drop their books to seize the musket, they quit their studies to erect fortifications or to defend breastworks, and perhaps are seen no more.

In a time of peace, the press teems with useful speculations from the pen of the philosopher. We see virtue, morality and religion arrest the attention of the scholar, and on these themes he descants with such ability and eloquence, shewing their intrinsic excellencies as well as their permanent and useful effects



on society, that he reclaims the vicious from the error of his ways, and makes him become enamoured with the picture of virtue, and disgusted with the loathsome figure of vice. But in a time of war, the Press teaches nothing but the "science of human butchery." Instead of works of fancy inspired by the Muses—instead of the useful labours of the historian—instead of publications upon chemistry, upon experimental philosophy, or in any other useful branch of literature, we behold the publick prints loaded with recommendations of works of military and naval tactics—works calculated to teach with what certainty we may deal destruction on our brother man—works, which instead of ameliorating the condition of human nature, serve to render the feelings callous, and degrade man to a level with the brute creation. The youth are here taught in what manner to march and countermarch—how to poise the musket—how to elevate and direct the ordnance, and impel the life destroying ball. But is he taught what make sman virtuous, wise and happy—is he instructed in what will exalt his nature, and warned of those vices and those habits which degrade, debase and lessen his character? Is he taught how to detect error, and to elucidate truth? Has he his attention directed to the "abstruse regions of the philosophick world?" No: these are the studies, these the amusements, and these the exercises of times of peace—of scenes of tranquillity.

War requires man to cultivate the hardy virtues, such as courage, perseverance, firmness, disregard of danger and contempt of death. Peace on the contrary nourishes and invigorates the social virtues. It affords opportunities of cementing friendships, forming tender attachments, and prosecuting works of publick utility. War is the destruction of commerce between different nations. From commerce we derive most of the luxuries and necessities of life. By this, men of enterprise are enabled to employ their wealth, and to bring to our enjoyment the luxuries of foreign climes. By means of this, the industrious labourer is furnishing food for his family, and avoiding the vices and evil habits attending a state of idleness. But Peace revives and enlivens commerce—it furnishes the enterprising merchant with

opportunities of employing his capital. It finds a market for the produce of the farmer, and brings into requisition the active duties of the industrious mechanick. It is subservient to the interests of Literature, by facilitating the means of information, and by transporting and interchanging the labours, attainments and productions of learned men, in every quarter of the habitable world.

But it is chiefly in a moral point of view, that war appears to have the most deadly effect on society. A nation long harrassed by cruel wars, requires so much of the time and attention of its citizens, who have arrived at maturity of years, to defend the state—to fill its councils or to supply its armies, that the education of youth is necessarily neglected, and they are suffered to grow up in idleness and ignorance; and to launch into dissipation and excesses of every nature. Their passions are unrestrained, their minds uncultivated, and their morals corrupt. Hence the very foundation of a republican government is unsafe, as in this form of government, virtue—sterling virtue in the people, is its only durable support and permanent basis.

It cannot be denied, that war produces, or is the means of ushering into notice, many men of distinguished character. It is sometimes the means of drawing from obscurity men, who otherwise would have been considered as “born to blush unseen.” Such men undoubtedly we can now behold, who, had their country been in the calm possession of peace, might never have had an opportunity of exhibiting their valour on the stage of military and naval glory—nor of displaying their worth before an admiring world. But have not others been tempted to emerge from the calm and peaceable recesses of scholastick retirement, from situations where their talents might have enabled them to diffuse happiness and the light of knowledge on thousands, to mingle in battle and meet their fate at the cannon’s mouth. Is not the world deprived of the benefit of their literary attainments, their moral precepts, their progressing improvement in the arts of civilized life, and in the sciences? It is unquestionably true: and it is a melancholy truth. The artillery of the soldier has caused many a noble soul to surrender his life, who, had he been

permitted to follow the current of his inclinations, and devote himself to study, would have made rapid progress in improvement, and advanced himself to the very summit of literary excellence.

War, then, is ever to be deprecated. Its effects are dreadful. It is the parent of immorality. It is the enemy of religion—it is the destroyer of the arts. But Peace is the parent of innumerable blessings. It is the promoter of civilization. It patronises art. It protects science. It fosters genius. It guards and protects religion. Let Peace then be cherished by legislators, let it be the object of rulers and of people to cultivate it, and restore its blessings to a nation which has been so long groaning under the iron hand of war. May it find a permanent and delightful residence in this section of the globe, which is the boasted land of liberty; in these states, which produced him who was the “first in war, the first in *peace*, and the first in the hearts of his country,” and who was the same great and unequalled character, whether he was seen directing the storm of war, or guiding the councils of Peace.

Q.



## LITERARY HISTORY OF ITALY.

*(Continued from our last number.)*

WE now arrive at Petrarch; for in the vast field before us, we must be contented to select our objects, and it may be as well to confine ourselves, at least for the present, to poetry. We may hereafter find an opportunity of taking up our unfinished sketch of the historians of Italy.

The whole literary history of the 14th century, indeed, may in some sort be considered as included in that of Petrarch. His literary life occupies more than half of it; and, although his fame with posterity rests almost exclusively on his compositions in the newly created language of his country, in his own life he



was at least equally celebrated for his ardour in the cultivation and revival of ancient learning, for his works on philosophy and morals, his oratorical eminence, and his skill in the political transactions of the day.

Of his numerous works in the Latin language, all of which evince more or less the extraordinary powers of his mind, there are none that can awaken an interest in any class of modern readers, with the exception of his correspondence and his curious dialogues *De Contemptu Mundi*, which will ever be valuable for the strong light they cast on his personal character and the incidents of his strange and diversified life. The confessions of St. Augustin, furnished him with the idea of the last mentioned work, but, observes M. Ginguene, 'ni Augustin, ni Montaigne, ni même J. J. Rousseau, n'ont découvert plus naïvement leur intérieur, ni fait avec plus de franchise l'aveu de leurs faiblesses.' His epistolary correspondence is evidently founded on the model of that of Cicero, whom he affected to imitate in all things. But no principle of mere imitation could sufficiently account for its wonderful multiplicity and extensiveness, the causes of which are to be sought in the character of the individual. 'Il avait,' says the Abbe de Sade, 'une amitié babillarde, et un cœur qui aimait à s'épancher.' The poem of 'Africa' was that, of all his works, on which he had proposed to build his most exalted and durable reputation; but long before his death, he had the good sense to see and acknowledge its incurable defects: 'I would,' he says in one of his letters, 'if it were permitted me, efface even the recollection of this work, and nothing would be more agreeable to me than to burn it with my own hands.'—'In spite of the faults which prevail in it, and greatly exceed its beauties,' adds M. Ginguene, 'it is fortunate that it has been preserved, not for the reputation of the poet, but for the history of poetry.'

In comparing Petrarch with Dante, no doubt every reader of pure and uncontaminated taste must recognise the wonderful, we may almost say the immeasurable superiority of the latter in all the higher qualities of the art, and especially in those respects in which the vices of Petrarch are most conspicuous. But enough is left to justify the applause of mankind, and to support

him in the rank which the consenting voice of ages has assigned him.

We must not forget, in appreciating his Italian poems, the opinion which the author himself has repeatedly expressed concerning them, and the views in which he composed and transmitted them to posterity. This, he assures us, was but to gratify himself by the unpremeditated effusions of his momentary feelings, and to amuse that description of readers which was incapable of understanding the more exalted efforts of his genius, conveyed in a nobler and more durable language. The fame which they obtained even in his life-time was equally unsought and unexpected: nevertheless that fame which has been so amply confirmed by posterity, could not have been raised except upon sufficiently solid foundations.

The platonick refinement which has been imputed to him as the fundamental error of his poetical doctrines, is thus converted by his admirers to a source of peculiar excellence; and, indeed, we think it is hardly within the province of criticism to maintain that the poetry so constituted could not, in the nature of things, be the genuine language of the heart.

With regard to the points in which the Italian language may be considered as peculiarly indebted to Petrarch, it is observed that, 'even after Dante, something yet remained to be done in the choice of expressions and the *fixation* of the idiom, but by Petrarch, nothing was left unfinished.' Denina assures us that, throughout the *Canzoniere*, there are hardly two expressions, even of those which the difficulties of rhyme forced upon the poet, that have grown old or are in any degree out of use. And this within a hundred years from the very infancy of the language.

The taste for false point and antithesis, in which he unhappily indulged so freely, was that of the age in which he lived.—'C'est encore son siècle qu'il faut accuser de ces idées *froidement alambiqués*, nées de l'espèce de fureur platonique qui regnait alors, et dont nous avons vu de malheureux exemples des les premiers pas de la langue et de la poésie Italiennes.' Yet more to extenuate his faults and exalt our sense of his beauties, it is right to remember that Petrarch's genius was as strictly original as that of Dante.

In that early age of literature the multiplication of copies was slow and uncertain, and we have the authority of Petrarch himself, that the great work of his immortal predecessor was, to a considerable degree at least, unknown to him until a late period of his poetical career; so that, according to the ingenious expression of M. Ginguene, he may be called 'the second who had none before him.'

A few of Petrarch's best sonnets have been repeatedly imitated in every language of Europe, and in England they have, sometimes at least, met with translators who have done them as much justice, as it is perhaps possible for one language to render to another. His 'Canzoni' are less familiar to the English reader, and yet, in the opinion of competent judges, they tend to raise the character of the poet much higher than those smaller compositions, of which the confined and embarrassing structure has not unaptly been compared to the bed of Procrustes. Of the Canzoni, that which begins '*Chiare, fresche e dolci acque*' has been beautifully, though somewhat freely rendered by Voltaire. Of another '*Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte*,' M. Ginguene himself has offered us a poetical version, which appears to be possessed of considerable merit. There are three to which the Italians have uniformly given the preference; but, in the opinion of our intelligent critick, 'the superiority of these over the rest, can only be understood relatively to the style, the delicacy of the expressions, and the harmony, the melodious *enchainment* of the words, the rhymes, the measures.'

'I should not think,' he continues, 'any more than Muratori has thought, that I was committing a sacrilege in preferring to all three, for the truth of the sentiments, the richness and variety of the images, and for that soft melancholy which constitutes the principal attraction of amatory compositions, the *Di pensier in pensier*, the *Chiare, fresche e dolci acque*, the *Se il pensier che mi strugge*, the *In quella parte dove amor mi sprona*, and the *Nella stagion che'l ciel rapido inchina*, so rich in comparisons drawn from a country life, and so poetically expressed.'

It is the last of these that we have selected in the hopes of giving some faint impression of its beauties.

In that still season when the rapid sun  
Drives down the west, and day-light flies to greet



Nations, who wait, perhaps, the kindling flame ;  
In some strange land, alone, her weary feet  
The time-worn pilgrim finds, with toil fordone,  
Yet more and more speeds on her languid frame :

Her solitude the same,  
When night has closed around,  
Yet has the wanderer found

A short, but deep forgetfulness at last  
Of every woe and every labour's past,  
But ah ! my grief that with each moment grows,  
As fast and yet more fast  
Day urges on, is heaviest at its close.

When Phœbus rolls his everlasting wheels  
To give night room, when from high hill and wood  
Broader and broader yet descends the shade,  
The labourer arms him for his evening trade,  
And all the weight his burden'd heart conceals  
Lightens with wild discourse or descant rude ;

Then spreads his board with food,  
Such as the woods of yore  
To our first fathers bore.

By us disdain'd, yet praised in hall and bower ;  
But, let who will the cup of gladness pour,  
I never know, I will not say of mirth

But of repose, an hour,  
When Phœbus leaves, and stars salute the earth.

Yon shepherd, when the mighty star of day  
He sees descending to his western bed,  
And the wide orient all with shade embrown'd,  
Takes his old crook, and from the fountain head,  
Green mead, and beechen bower, pursues his way,  
Calling, with gentle voice, his flocks around,

Then, far from human sound,  
Some desert cave he strows

With leaves and verdant boughs,

And lays him down, without a thought, to sleep :

Ah cruel love ! then dost thou bid me keep  
My idle chase, the voice, the steps pursuing  
Of her I ever weep,

Who flies me still, my endless toil renewing.

Even the rude seamen, in some cove confin'd,  
Lays down his limbs, when day-light quits the scene,

On the hard deck, with coarsest mat o'erspread :  
 And when the sun in ocean wave serene  
 Bathes his resplendent front, and leaves behind  
 Those antique pillars of his boundless bed,  
     Forgetfulness has shed  
     O'er men, and beasts, and flowers  
     Her mild restoring powers;  
 But my determined grief finds no repose,  
 And every day but aggravates the woes  
 Of that remorseless flood, that, ten long years,  
     Flowing, yet ever flows,  
 Nor know I what can check its ceaseless tears.

Some trifling liberties have been taken with the last stanza: but we have throughout faithfully preserved the artificial *interlacement* of the rhymes, and it has been our object (in which we hope we have not altogether failed) to retain some trace of the peculiar harmony which results from it.

A very different passion from that of Dante for Beatrice, or of Petrarch for Laura, inspired the works which Boccaccio composed in honour of the Princess Mary of Naples, whom he has celebrated under the name of Fiammetta, in the romance which bears that title, and for whom he also composed a second romance, in prose, entitled, *Filocolo*, and two heroick poems, the *Theseide* and *Filostrato*, besides other pieces of minor importance. It was a connexion of vanity on the one side and voluptuousness on the other; and the want of interest which pervades all these works, appears the natural consequence of the want of reality in the passion that is pretended to have inspired them. But, whatever may be their other merits, it is no small glory (if M. Ginguene is correct in so positive a statement) that, in the two latter compositions, the poet stands forward as the *acknowledged inventor* of the *ottava rima*, that majestick and harmonious stanza which has been adopted by almost all subsequent writers, as the only legitimate vehicle of heroick poetry, in preference to that unbroken *interlacement* of rhymes which, it must be confessed, is too apt to fatigue the ear in the *Divina Commedia*. The *Theseide* possesses a yet higher claim to distinction, as the first modern poem in which the author abandoning the dull repetition of

dreams and visions, imagined a regular action or fable, and conducted it, through different stages of adventure to its close. To the English reader 'it presents the additional interest, of being the model of the 'Knight's Tale' of Chaucer, and the origin therefore of one of the noblest poems in our language, the 'Palamon and Arcite' of Dryden.

The Latin works of Bocaccio are estimable on many accounts, and his claims on the gratitude of posterity, as a reviver of ancient learning, are by no means inferiour to those of his intimate friend and fellow-labourer, Petrarch. But the source of his highest reputation, that which places him at once on a level with the former two, and ranks him with them as the third founder of his national literature, is his 'Decameron.'

'The effort made by nature in favour of Italy,' observes M. Ginguene, 'in producing, almost at the same moment, these three great men among her children, was so much the more happy as they each received from her a different direction of genius. To ascend Parnassus, they took three roads, so distinct from each other that they reached the summit without ever meeting; and we enjoy their productions at this day, without those of the one being capable of giving an idea of, or of being preferred, or even compared to, the rest. He who entered on the journey last of the three seemed to rise to a less point of elevation than his predecessors; but it is the style in which he excelled that is less elevated.'—*Ging.* tom. iii. p. 1.

'Whence has his renown proceeded? From a collection of tales which he held in no esteem, and which he composed, as he says himself, only for the solace of the ladies, who, in those days, led a very dismal life; to which, in short, in his declining days, he attached no other importance than the regret with which religious scruples inspired him. Like Petrarch, he looked for his immortality from learned works, composed in a language which had ceased to be understood by the world at large: like him he received it from the mere sports of imagination, the diversions of genius, in which he brought to purity and perfection a language yet in its infancy, and till then abandoned to the people for the common concerns of life; to which he was thus the first to give in prose, as Dante and Petrarch had done in verse, the elegance, the harmony, the measured form, and happy choice of words, which make a literary and polished language.'—*Ib.* p. 70.

The jealous exactness of antiquarian research will seldom leave any author in peaceable possession of the honours of original invention, and the groundwork of the Decameron must, we fear, be admitted to be discoverable in the old Indian romance of Dolos-



pathos, which early found its way into the national literature of almost every country in Europe, and is cherished by the black letter lovers of our own under the title of 'The Seven Wise Masters.' With regard to the origin of several of his tales which has been assigned to the fabliers and trouveres of the *Roman Wallon*, M. Ginguene, though a Frenchman, has ranged himself with the Italian avengers of their national literature, and established, in conformity with them, the probability, at least, that both Bocaccio and his supposed instructors drew, without reference to each other, from the same common sources, and those of oriental derivation.

From this unprofitable subject of inquiry we turn with pleasure, to the just and sensible criticisms of M. Ginguene on the work itself. After dwelling with all the attention which it demands, on its noble introduction, he characterizes the motley nature of its contents, and apologizes (so far as it is becoming to apologize) for its real and its imputed faults. Still, speaking of his eloquent description of the plague of Florence, he thus continues:

' Nous ne pouvons apprécier aujourd'hui que le talent du peintre ; mais, ce qui frappa le plus alors, fut la ressemblance et la fidélité du tableau. Les couleurs en étaient bien sombres, et paraîtraient au premier coup-d'œil assez mal assorties avec les peintures gaies dont on croit communément que la collection entière est remplie ; mais en passant condamnation sur la gaîté trop libre d'un grand nombre de ces peintures, on ne doit pas oublier qu'elles ne sont pas, à beaucoup près, toutes de ce genre, et qu'il y en a d'intéressantes, de tristes, de tragiques même et de purement comiques, encore plus que de licentieuses. Boccace répandit cette variété dans son ouvrage, comme le plus sûr moyen d'intéresser et de plaire ; et ce qui est admirable, c'est que, dans tous ces genres si divers, il raconte toujours avec la même facilité, la même vérité, la même élégance, la même fidélité à prêter aux personnages les discours qui leur conviennent, à représenter au naturel leurs actions, leurs gestes, à faire de chaque nouvelle un petit drame qui a son exposition, son nœud, son dénouement, dont le dialogue est aussi parfait que la conduite, et dans lequel chacun des acteurs garde jusqu'à la fin sa physionomie et son caractère .

' Les pretres fourbes et libertins, comme ils l'étaient alors ; les moines livrés au luxe, à la gourmandise et à la débauche ; les maris dupes et crédules, les femmes coquettes et rusées, les jeunes gens ne songeant qu'au plaisir, les

vieillards et les vieilles qu'à l'argent; des seigneurs oppresseurs et cruels, des chevaliers francs et courtois, des dames, les unes galantes et faibles, les autres nobles et fières, souvent victimes de leur faiblesse, et tyrannisées par des maris jaloux; des corsaires, des malandrins, des ermites, des faiseurs de faux miracles et de tours de gibecière, des gens enfin de toute condition, de tout pays, de tout âge, tous avec leurs passions, leurs habitudes, leur langage; voilà ce qui remplit ce cadre immense, et ce que les hommes du goût le plus sévère ne se lassent point d'admirer.—Tom. iii. p. 97, &c.

We reluctantly pass over the numerous other points of this able criticism; but we cannot omit one observation which redounds to the credit of our own country. Of the many writers who have undertaken to relate Boccaccio's stories, there are scarcely any who have not disgraced themselves by selecting from the Decameron the most reprehensible of all its various subjects for their purpose. Dryden alone, the greatest of all his imitators, possessed a taste too manly for so unworthy a task; and his selection accordingly does equal honour to himself and to his original author.

Among the followers of Boccaccio in the art of story-telling, Franco Sacchetti and *Ser Giovanni*, a Florentine whose family name is now unknown, but who distinguished himself by the whimsical appellation of 'Il Pecorone,' belong to the latter half of the same century, both no doubt, greatly inferior to their master, but nevertheless deserving of the attention bestowed upon them by all lovers of early Italian literature, for the services which they rendered to their native language, and for the lights which they contribute to throw on the spirit and character of the age. Zanobi da Strada, the rival of Petrarch in the honours of the laurel, and Coluccio Salutati, another of his most eminent contemporaries, did not deign to employ the vulgar dialect as the vehicle of their poetical compositions; and the consequence is, that, however they might have been extolled in their generation, they are almost unknown to posterity.

The *Dettamondo* of Fazio degl'Uberti, and the *Quadriregio* of Federigo Frezzi, are poems which evidently owe their birth to the *Divina Commedia*, and are in many respects servile imitations of their illustrious model. The hackneyed vehicle of a vision, an expedient of which the original insipidity can only be

surmounted by the extraordinary and creative energies of the poet who adopts it, is probably the circumstance which more than any other, has condemned these imitative efforts to an oblivion in many other respects highly unmerited. The *Detta-mondo* possesses a force of style and expression, often not unworthy of Dante himself, and some passages (for example, the personification of the city of Rome) not only spirited, but even sublime. Nevertheless, it has enjoyed the honours of only two editions, both scarce, and the last, which is the least difficult to be met with, so faulty as to be almost illegible. In this latter respect, the *Quadriregio* has met with better fortune, and has consequently been more read. But notwithstanding it also possesses a tolerable share of poetical merit, its mystical subject, encumbered with all the heavy dulness of the fashionable theology, appears to render it less worthy of preservation.

The list of poets of the fourteenth century is closed with the name of Antonio Pucci, to whom it seems we may ascribe the high honour of giving birth to that peculiar species of national pleasantry which, in a later age, Berni brought to perfection.

‘The century which, after the death of Petrarch, was consecrated by the Italians to the study of antiquity, that century during which their national literature was stationary, and their language even retrograde, was not however lost to the arts of imagination. Poetry, at its first flight, had not received a sufficiently abundant nourishment; the three great men of the 14th century, whom we have first presented to the reader’s observation, had, by the single force of their genius, attained an erudition and elevation of thought which was far above the level of the age they lived in; but these riches were their own personal possessions, and all the rest of the Italian poets, like the Provençaux, had been reduced by their very poverty to those continual sports of wit, to those trifling puerilities of unintelligible ideas and incoherent images, which render them so tedious to the reader. The fifteenth century was entirely devoted to the extension, in every sense, of the acquirements and resources of all the friends of the muses; antiquity was unveiled before them, with her elevated characters, her austere laws, her energetick virtues, her graceful and amusing mythology, her subtle and profound philosophy, her attractive eloquence and her ravishing poetry. A hundred years were assigned to the modelling anew the clay destined for the formation of great men. Towards the close of the century, a divine Ray penetrated the inanimate statue, the soul was kindled again and life recommenced its career.’—*Sism.* tom. ii. p. 41.



This seems to be the true account of the state of letters in Italy during the fifteenth century, and it affords the most satisfactory solution of the doubts which, in a former work of M. Sismondi are insisted upon with more eloquence and feeling, perhaps, than solidity of judgment, as to the real advantages derived to Italian literature from the cultivation of the learned languages. How highly at the same time, must our estimate of the three great founders of the national school be exalted, by the reflection that they at once soared to a height which could derive no support either from the age in which they lived, or from that which succeeded, from which it therefore became necessary to descend in order to enable their successors, at the distance of more than a hundred years, even to endeavour again to attain it!

The society of Lorenzo de' Medici was that in which a new career was first opened to Italian poetry, and the names of Lorenzo and his friend Politian are the most illustrious in the list of its revivers. To the same period, and to the influence of the same protecting genius, belongs the creation of a higher class of poetry than any yet ventured on in the Italian language, the heroick romance, which constitutes its national *epick*. The subject demands the greater part of the small space that remains to us.

For the origin of this species of composition, we are led back to the grand division of the *Langue Romane*, already noticed, and presented with a review of the different theories relative to the introduction of chivalrous fiction, and its adoption by the writers in the *Langue d'Oil*, the second branch of the parent dialect, and the progenitor of the modern language of France. This is not the place to enter on the learned and ingenious disquisition in which our countryman Warton has followed up these several theories, and reconciled the most apparently contradictory in a manner equally pleasing and conclusive. Whatever objections may occur to some of the details, or whatever room there may even now exist for the formation of new hypotheses concerning them, the groundwork of his system seems to remain unquestioned; that system which, making Persia the common

and primitive source of romantick fable, deduces its progress through two distinct and widely distant channels to the same ultimate end, receiving, in its double course, the various impressions, on the one hand, of all the gloom of northern superstition and the enthusiasm of northern courage; on the other, of all the brilliancy and voluptuousness, the extravagance and caprice, and the occasional sublimity, also of southern genius. It is impossible not to be delighted with this mode of ending the hostility of two contending parties, whose difference of opinion must appear to every one, at first sight, as hopelessly irreconcilable; by assuring the respective advocates of the Scandinavian scalds and the Moorish minstrels that both are in the right as far as they go, and that the cause of their difference is merely this, that neither is ascended so high as to find the common principle from which both proceed. It is further to be observed (and this too is very important) that in this re-union of the two derivative streams of romance, their several ingredients were mixed in very different proportions, according to the genius and habits of the different nations of the west that received them, or of the times and circumstances under which they were received. This diversity has given rise to an infinite variety of conjectures; but, the great point once settled, these are comparatively trivial, if not of easy solution.

Of this latter description are the doubts respecting the immediate origin of those venerable fictions (*Magnanime Mensogne*) which are considered by later writers as the parents of two distinct families of romance—the chronicle of Geoffry of Monmouth, and that of Archbishop Turpin. Our present concern is with the latter of these, as it was the first, and for a long while continued to be the only, source of Italian fable. With the Race of King Arthur it never seems to have meddled, and the third romantick family, that of Amadis, which had the honour of contributing to it some of its later ornaments, would, if we had time for it, require distinct consideration.

The ‘Magnanimous Lie,’ which bears with the name of Turpin, the apparent impress of ecclesiastical authority, is generally supposed to have been really the invention of a monk of the eleventh

century. Whether he had himself any foundation in yet more ancient legends for the fables which he has detailed, it is useless to inquire. The earliest Italian romance on the subject of Charlemagne and his peers, must have been full two centuries later. It is not founded upon Turpin, but is supposed to be a translation from some Latin original now lost. The old romance of *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, and a few others connected with it, are pointed out as the concurrent sources of the Italian *Epopée*.



*"The following curious letter was copied from the original by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle Walsingham, and is" (says the editor) "most obligingly communicated by the Right Hon. the Earl of Essex. The lady by whom it was written was daughter and sole heiress to Sir John Spencer, Knt. Lord Mayor of London (36th year of Queen Elizabeth) whose fortune was so immense, that he was proverbially called "The Rich Spencer." She married William, second Lord Compton, and first Earl of Northampton, of that name. By this lord she was mother to the famous Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton, who so loyally fell fighting against the Parliamentarians, at Hopton Heath, on Sunday, March 19, 1642-3. The present noble earl is lineally descended from this lord and lady.*

MY SWEET LIFE,

"NOW that I have declared to you my mind, for the settling your Estate, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink what Allowance were best for me; for considering what care I have ever had of your Estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by Laws of God, Nature, and Civil Policy, Wit, Religion, Government, and Honesty, you my Dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you, to grant to me your most kind and loving Wife, the sum of 1600*l.* per An. quarterly to be paid.

"Also I wou'd, besides that Allowance for my Apparell, have 600*l.* added yearly for the performance of Charitable Works; those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for.

"Also I will have three Horses for my owne saddle that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also I would have two Gentlewomen, lest one should be sick; also believe it is an indecent thing for a Gentlewoman to



stand mumping alone, when God have blessed their Lord and Lady with a great Estate.

“ Also when I ride hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending ; so for each of those said women I must and will have a Horse. Also I will have 6 or 8 Gentlemen, and will have my two Coaches, one lined with Velvet to Myself, with 4 very fair Horses, and a Coach for my Women, lined with sweet Cloth, orelaid with gold ; the other, with Scarlet, and laced with Watched Lace and Silver, with 4 good horses. Also I will have two Coachmen, one for myself, the other for my Women.

“ Also, whenever I travel, I will be allowed not only Carroches and spare Horses for me and my Women, but such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly ; not pestering my Things with my Womens, nor theirs with Chambermaids, nor theirs with Washmaids.

“ Also Laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe ; and the Chambermaids shall go before with the Grooms, that the Chambers may be ready, sweet and clean.

“ Also, for that it is indecent to croud up myself with my Gentlemen Usher in my Coach, I will have him have a convenient Horse to attend me either in City or Country ; and I must have 4 Footmen, and my desire is that you will defray all the Charges for me.

“ And for Myself, besides my yerely Allowance, I would have 20 Gowns Apparel, 6 of them excellent good ones, 8 of them for the Country, and 6 others of them very excellent good ones.

“ Also I would have to put in my Purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.* and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have 8000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 6000*l.* for a pearl chain.

“ Now, seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my Children Apparel and their Schooling, and all my Servants, Men and Women, their Wages.

“ Also I will have all my Houses Furnished, and all my Lodging Chambers to be suited with all such Furniture, as is fit, as Beds, Stools, Chairs, Cushions, Carpets, Silver Warming Pans,

Cupboards of Plate, fair Hangings, &c. so for my Drawing Chambers in all Houses I will have them delicately furnished with Hangings, Couch, Canopy, Cushions, Carpets, &c.

“ Also my desire is, that you would pay your Debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase Lands, and lend no Money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, which wou’d have all, perhaps your Life, from you; remember his Son, my Lord Walden, what Entertainments he gave me when you were at the Tilt Yard. If you were dead he said he wou’d be a Husband, a Father, a Brother, and said he wou’d marry me: I protest I grieve to see the poor Man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely; also he fed me with untruths concerning the Charterhouse, but that is the least; he wished me much harm, you know how: God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is.

“ So now that I have declared to you my mind, what I wou’d have, and what I wou’d not have, I pray you, when you be an Earl, to allow me a 1000*l.* more than now I desired, and double Attendance.

“ Your loving Wife,

“ ELIZ. COMPTON.”



*Epitaph on the Tomb-stone of President Manning.*

IN memory of the Rev. JAMES MANNING, D. D. president of Rhode-Island college. He was born in New-Jersey, A. D. 1738; became a member of the baptist church, A. D. 1758; graduated at Nassau-hall, A. D. 1762; was ordained a minister of the gospel, 1763; obtained a charter for the college, A. D. 1765; was elected president of it the same year; and was a member of Congress, A. D. 1786.

His person was graceful, and his countenance remarkably expressive of sensibility, cheerfulness, and dignity. The variety and excellence of his natural abilities, improved by education and enriched by science, raised him to a rank of eminence among literary characters.

His manners were engaging, his voice harmonious, his eloquence natural and powerful: his social virtues classical learning, eminent patriotism, shining talents for instructing youth, and zeal in the cause of christianity, are recorded on the tables of many hearts.

He died of an apoplexy, 29th July, A. D. 1791, ætatis suæ 53. The trustees and fellows of the college have erected this monument.

## Original Poetry.



### *Lines written at the grave of an intimate Friend.*

"The musick was like the memory of joys that are past ;

"Pleasant—but melancholy to the soul."

OSSIAN.

DEAR is the memory of departed pleasures,  
Pleasing, yet melancholy to the mind,  
Like distant musick, stealing in dying measures,  
Or slowly swelling on the passing wind.

Dear is the turf where a dear friend reposes,  
Once the companion of far happier hours,  
Pleasing to linger there—as day-light closes—  
To linger still—tho' round the tempest low'rs,

And the shrill blast sweeps o'er the ice-clad meadows,  
Wildly responsive to each rising sigh,  
And gleaming moon-light, and dark fleeting shadows  
Alternate, o'er the chequer'd landscape fly

In swift succession as the joys—and sorrows—  
The hopes—and fears—which human life divide,  
And gild our yesterdays—and cloud our morrows,  
As o'er the varying vale of tears they glide :

Darkness o'er-clouds my soul—and shall there never  
One ray of beauty break the midnight gloom ?  
Shall love and friendship sleep in death forever ?  
Nor virtue burst the winter of the tomb ?

Soft in the west, the vesper star is beaming,  
Radiant it broke, yon parted cloud beneath ;  
Thus shall the righteous shine—from earth redeemed,  
Yea—thus triumphant burst the shroud of death.



Dear is the memory of departed pleasures—  
 Dearer, the hope sublime of joys on high !  
 Oh ! harp of Zion ! tune thy loftiest measures,  
 And raise thy swelling notes above the sky.

Sing of the voice that breaks the leaden slumbers  
 Of death and hell—the voice that calls “ come forth ;”  
 Sing of the rising saints—the countless numbers  
 Of the redeem’d—crouding from south and north !

Sing heav’nly harp—yet stay—my feeble fingers—  
 My earth stain’d lips profane thy sacred chords,  
 Yet would I listen still, as o’er thee lingers  
 Sounds, inexpressible by mortal words.

And list’ning—lose the feebler voice of nature—  
 And list’ning—with the strains divinely soar—  
 Ev’n to the throne of Christ—the Mediator !  
 In whom—his friends shall meet—to part no more .

\* \* \* \* EURIO.

*Rhode-Island, February 10, 1815.*

TO ———.

IF pity can thy bosom warm,  
 Or mercy dwell in that fair form,  
 Which all the graces have combined  
 To render beauteous as thy mind ;  
 Recall thy harsh decree !

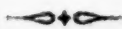
If constancy, whose vestal flame,  
 Unchanged by time, is still the same,  
 Not even extinguished by despair,  
 Can plead its merits to the fair ;  
 Oh ! let it plead for me !

If that devotion which would place  
 Thee next to Heaven’s eternal grace,  
 And prize *thine*, next to Heaven’s love,  
 Can lady’s heart to passion move ;  
 Oh ! let it soften *thine* !

If the pale cheek, the sunken eye,  
The waning form, the deep drawn sigh,  
The tottering step, or hectic glow,  
Can melt thy heart at human woe ;

Oh ! let it melt at mine !

W. ———



### FOR HER I LOVE.

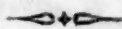
FATHER in heaven, on her I love,  
Show'r, the boon of heavenly grace,  
O teach her soul to soar above,  
This earthly Ball, this fallen race.

Father in heaven, to thee I raise,  
My feeble supplicating voice ;  
Attune her lyre to sing thy praise,  
O make her heart in thee rejoice.

When erst my soul, in errors maze,  
Was almost lost in unbelief,  
I pray'd to thee—I felt truth's blaze—  
Thou heard'st my prayer—I found relief.

Father, the boon thou gavest me,  
O give to her, with ten-fold pow'r,  
Teach her, bless her, conduct her—Be  
Her hope, her shield, her rock, her tow'r.

HENRY.



### LINES.

AS down the torrents roaring tide,  
Awhile the cumbrous mass may glide,  
Dissevered from the shore ;  
But to the lake's calm surface borne,  
It feels its own dead weight return,  
And sinks to rise no more.

So, lost in love, oppress'd by grief,  
 'Midst social mirth, a short relief,  
 The sorrowing heart may know;  
 But when to lonely thought retired,  
 It mocks the joy by mirth inspired,  
 And droops to lasting woe!

UUORES.

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## Selected Poetry.

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*Parnassus, 20th June, 1814.*

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

IT was customary in our publick schools, for the scholars to sing the ancient song of "Dulce Domum," previous to the vacation. This performance I lately attended with great pleasure at Winchester; whether the custom is observed in other schools, I cannot tell. The spirit and beauty of this celebrated composition, is acknowledged by every scholar, and perhaps some of your young literary friends may be induced, during the vacation, to favour us with a translation. Your's, ADVENA.

Concinamus, O Sodales,  
 Eja, quid silemus?  
 Nobile Canticum,  
 Dulce melos domum,  
 Dulce domum resonemus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum, dulce domum,  
 Domum, domum, dulce domum,  
 Dulce, dulce, dulce domum,  
 Dulce domum, resonemus.

Appropinquat, ecce! felix  
 Hora gaudiorum,  
 Post grave tedium



Advenit omnium  
Meta petita laborum.

CHORUS.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa,  
Mitte pensa dura,  
Mitte negotium,  
Jam datur otium,  
Me, mea, mittito cura.

CHORUS.

Ridet annus, prata rident,  
Nosque rideamus,  
Jam repetit domum,  
Daulias advena,  
Nosque domum repetamus.

CHORUS.

Heus, Rogere, fer caballos,  
Eja! nunc eamus,  
Limen amabile  
Matris et oscula,  
Suaviter et repetamus.

CHORUS.

Concinamus ad penates,  
Vox et audiatur,  
Phosphore, quid jubar,  
Segnius emicans,  
Gaudia nostra moratur.

CHORUS.



THE following Ode, was written by Cowley, upon the idea of two Angels playing a game of Chess.

It was said by Plautus,

“ We are but Tennis balls for the Gods to play withall, ”

which they strike away at last, and call for new ones. When the fates lay hold on man, he is confounded and loses his wits. Fatality dazzles the sight of his judgment. So it happens that the designs and counsels of the man that is to perish, are corrupt.

LO! of themselves the enlivened chess men move:

Lo! the unbid ill organ'd pieces prove

As full of art and industry,

Of courage and of policy,

As we *ourselves*, who *think* there's nothing wise, but we.

Here a proud pawn, I admire,

That still advancing higher,

At top of all, became

Another thing and name.

Here I am amazed at the bold actions of a knight,

Who does great wonders in the fight,

Here I the losing party blame,

For those false moves, which break the game,

That to their grave the conquered pieces bring,

And above all the ill conduct of the mated king.

Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy

And sense or reason tell, said I,

These things have life, election, liberty.

Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,

Their faults and virtues make their fate.

Thus *they* do, (said I,) but strait

Lo! from my enlightened eyes, the mists and shadows fall,

That hinder spirits from being visible,

And lo! I saw two Angels played the mate.

With men alas, no otherwise it proves:

An unseen hand makes all their moves.

And some are great, and some are small,

Some climb to good, and some from good fortune fall;

Some *wise* men, and some fools we *call*,

Figures alas of speech, for destiny plays them all.

With fate what boots it to contend?

Such I began, so am, and so must end!

The star that did my being frame,

Was but a lambent flame:

And some small light it did dispense,

But neither heat, nor influence.

No matter Cowley, let proud fortune see

That thou cans't her despise, no less than she does thee:

Let all her gifts the portion be of folly,

Fraud, extortion, vice and calumny,

Rebellion and hypocrisy:

Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,

As all the inspired tuneful men,  
And all thy great forefathers were,  
From Homer down to Ben.\*

1680.



### SERENADE.

AWAKE, awake, my lyre,  
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,  
In sounds that may prevail.  
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,  
Though so exalted she,  
And I so lowly be,  
Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark, how the strings awake,  
And though the moving hand approach not near,  
Themselves with awful fear,  
A kind of numerous trembling make.  
Now all thy forces try,  
Now all thy charms apply,  
Revenge upon her ear, the conquest of her eye.

Weak lyre, thy virtue sure  
Is useless here, since thou art only found  
To cure, but not to wound.  
And she to wound, but not to cure.  
Too weak too, wilt thou prove  
My passion to remove,  
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre,  
For thou can'st never tell my humble tale.  
In sounds that will prevail,  
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire.  
All thy vain mirth lay by,  
Bid thy strings silent lie,  
Sleep, sleep again, my lyre, and let thy master die.

COWLEY.

\* Ben Jonson.



## EPITAPH.

SOUS ce tombeau gît St. Parin ;  
 Donne des larmes à sa fin.  
 Tu fus de ses amis peut-être ?  
 Pleure ton sort, pleure le sien :  
 Tu n'en fus pas ? pleure le tien,  
 Passant, d'avoir manqué d'être.

*Solution of the first puzzle in the last Repository.*

I TRIED a *sceptre* to transpose,  
 And it produced *respect*.  
 Transposed again, a *spectre* rose  
 With livid horrors deck'd.

So when a *sceptre's* rightly sway'd,  
*Respect* will be its due ;  
 But once, the people's rights betray'd,  
 A *spectre* is in view.

OSMYN.

*Solutions of the Latin enigmatical Epitaph in our last.*

① superbe, tua superbia te superabit. Terra et es in terram ibis.

*Rendered thus in English.*

PROUD mortal, raised above your sphere  
 By an inflated mind ;  
 This maxim of reflection hear,  
 And your own standard find.  
 Your form is from the dust you spurn,  
 And must to that again return.

OSMYN.

THOU man of pride, thy pride  
 Shall lay thy glory low :  
 Thy frame from dust supplied,  
 To dust again shall go.

C.

